

Dr. Richter's *The Furniture of the Greeks, Etruscans and Romans* is a revised and expanded version of her *Antient Furniture*, which first appeared in 1926. As before, she writes in her preface, "my chief interest has been the establishment of the various types that were used throughout the centuries, and the tracing of their chronological development in a few select examples." Ancient Greek furniture and, one might add, its modern counterpart, at least outside the main urban centres—was extremely simple: chairs, stools, couches, tables and chests, brightened then as now with gaily coloured woven material or cushions. When inscriptions listing the confiscated property of Alcibiades came to light, scholars were amazed to find the famous spend-thrift's possessions so modest by our modern, ultra-affluent standards. For such things as desks, book-cases and wardrobes we have to wait until Hellenistic or Roman times.

There are few radical changes in Dr. Richter's new version of her old monograph. The decipherment of Linear B has resulted in a short preliminary chapter on Aegean furniture—"for the Mycenaean, having become Greeks, can no longer be excluded, and inevitably they bring with them the Minoan and Cycladic." It is interesting that this furniture, to judge by our scanty evidence, appears to lack the progressive evolution of its later Greek counterpart, and to display far greater variety of form. What we have here, Dr. Richter suggests, is luxurious palace equipment with close affinities to the superb Egyptian tomb-furniture of Tutankhamen. Mycenaean forms look back to Minoan prototypes rather than forward to Geometric or Archaic Greek. "In other words," Dr. Richter observes, "the distinct break between the two civilizations—Mycenaean and Greek—is also apparent in the furniture."

Dr. Richter has also expanded her Etruscan and Roman sections, and brought the chapter on Greece up to date in the light of recent discoveries.

(Modesty prevents her from reminding us how right she was in 1926 about those Etruscan fakes.) Fragments of furniture and fabric have been recovered from various sites, and many new vases with representations of furniture have been published, in particular from Magna Graecia and the Po Valley. Several welcome additional chapters—on Greek cupboards, benches, sideboards, shelves and furnishings—are now included in the text; and non-specialists no less than experts should be particularly grateful for Dr. Richter's new appendix on the development of linear perspective in antiquity, worked out in detail from changing representations of furniture through the centuries. An occasional date has been modified. Literary references—a very desirable change, this—are now incorporated in the text, and the bibliography has been brought up to date. All the 668 photographs are new; their general standard is astonishingly high.

"Greek furniture," Dr. Richter says, rather disarmingly, "has been a somewhat neglected study... for the simple reason... that practically nothing of it survives." A study of the illustrations in this work shows how minutely she has sifted every source for the least hint of information: embossed silverware, sarcophagi, funerary carvings, wall-paintings, vases of every description, scarabs, rings, glassware, terracotta reliefs, mosaics, not to mention the plentiful examples of the real thing—beds, tables, chests, couches, stools—from Egypt and Italy. This work is a miracle of patience, order and judgment: well-organized, sumptuously produced, and easy to consult. That it will for many years remain the standard work on ancient furniture goes without saying. But then, as Dr. Richter has proved not once but several times, she possesses the enviable gift of saying the last word on any subject she takes up, be it early Aitc gravestones, Archaic *kanouai*, or the history of Greek iconography.

The Beethoven literature continues to grow, and some listeners may wonder what new light can still be thrown upon such perennial masterworks as the sonatas and string quartets. Yet, as it turns out, a new full-scale commentary on the quartets is timely, in view of the increasing number of devotees who listen to the B.B.C.'s Music Programme and the chamber-music lovers who learn closer acquaintance through records. Both Joseph Kernan's book and, even more so, Reti's penetrating analyses of a few chosen sonatas are for the connoisseur with technical knowledge and an inquiring mind. But first things first: every day, somewhere or other, a new generation discovers Beethoven. Although the title-page is non-committal, Stanley Sadie's monograph, one of a series called "The Great Composers", is a young person's guide—a brief introduction, in a comfortably slim large-format volume, to the life and work of Beethoven. The wording is simple, the manner straightforward, the information sound and scholarly, as one might expect from an esteemed and experienced critic. It is a great pity, however, that the excellent, sensible text and the few well-chosen illustrations were not matched by equal care over the many music examples, which occupy a large area of the seventy-odd pages.

Presumably the intention, admirable in itself, was to entice the modest player with a cross-section of manageable extracts, but some of the "simplifications" are oddly inconsistent and can only irritate the more alert reader, of whatever age or ability. The slow movement theme of the *Pathétique*, for example, is quoted in bare harmony without the underlying semiquavers that give it life, the wonderful *largo e mesto* of opus 10 No. 3 is appallingly mutilated, and the *Appassionata* andante transposed into C major. If this is to encourage beginners, or children with small hands, why tantalize them by devoting whole pages to one-and-a-half movements of the none-too-easy and hardly representative Sonata opus 79, with its leaping octaves, and bewilder them with ill-chosen fingerings full of misprints (right-hand fingers given to the left, &c.)? The Italian tempo-marks are very casually replaced, too: "slow" for the *Pastorale* Symphony storm, even at its close, is downright misleading for Beethoven's "allegro". The beginner could have been just as easily wooed without exasperating the slightly more advanced player, who could still benefit a good deal from Mr. Sadie's commentary. One suspects that the music itself was prepared by a less expert hand and never checked.

Mr. Sadie describes, in simple terms, the significance of *Fidelio*, and of the late quartets he writes: "String quartets are often thought of as the purest form of all: every note really matters, and the most fine shades of expression are possible." These words will come back again and again to the youthful listener as his knowledge of Beethoven deepens: it was this belief, after all, that led the composer to confide to it the most profound personal utterances of his last years. Should Beethoven's early set of quartets, opus 18, suffer the penalty of being judged by the same lofty standard? Joseph Kernan, in his lavishly produced American-style volume, thinks they should. Making all allowances for the danger, and even the dishonesty, of slavish reverence, Mr. Kernan seems at times over-harsh, even slipshod in his judgment: words like "fatuous", "feeble", and "stupid" fall too easily from his pen, and he finds a "rare flatulence" even in the fugue-theme of the C major "Razumovsky". The English reader, who may have learnt to prefer quarters to crochets, may be irritated by the constant excess of adjectival and metaphorical zeal ("dignifying cliché into aesthetic bullion", for example). However, when the author is garrulous he is invariably stimulating, and when he is adversely critical he still has room to cite other points of view. He shows a great respect for Tovey, and also for Philip Radcliffe, who produced a scholarly study on much more modest lines a year or two ago.

The main attraction of the new book is its scale and its scope. Mr. Kernan's actual knowledge is formidable, and he preserves a just balance between technical analysis and artistic result. As a handbook for the intelligent listener desirous of deepening his understanding, or of refreshing his mind about "what happens", the volume is important, and the copious music examples are excellently reproduced. Mr. Kernan is frank and reasons well about the critic's duty, and does not deny that even the least successful early works (such as, in his opinion, the C minor Quartet of opus 18) have value and interest as stepping-stones. But from the crisis of Heiligenstadt and the subsequent advent of the *Eroica*, Beethoven entered a new world of expression and took the quartet with him: the first "Razumovsky" demands of criticism "a new intensity of attention." Mr. Kernan does in fact attend intensively. On the late quartets he is understandably most eloquent and revealing, though his coolness about what he calls the "self-conscious classicism" of opus 135

Mr. Pepper: *The Pope's Backyard*. New York: Farrar, Strauss and Giroux. \$4.50.
JOHN SHARP: *A Traveller's Guide to the Churches of Rome*. 259pp. Hugh Evelyn. 30s.

Pope uses an electric razor and son, who loved the gardens and improved them more than anyone since Leo. He left coupled up in the papal palace and burdened by the ceaseless court ceremony, having chamberlains and unhanding ritual. "I'm in the sack here," he used to complain.

He talks about the fire-brigade and the telephone exchange as well as about more familiar papal institutions such as the Swiss Guard. Few people can have looked into the Vatican's power station to discover that it can generate 2,100 kilowatts, which is sufficient for normal use but not for times when some great television in St. Peter's attracts great flocks and radio and may well bring the load to 3,500 kilowatts. The Vatican then has to borrow from Rome. People are listed in the registry of Vatican citizens, but not dogs. Vegetables, milk, cheese and eggs on sale at the grocery shop are brought from the papal farm at Castelgandolfo. He gives a fascinating description of the attic in which the possessions of past popes are placed to make way for a new pontiff's favourite pieces of furniture.

What a wreckage of papal apartments! It looks as though a great storm had blown through the bedrooms of 200 popes, tearing away their most intimate possessions, dumping them all finally into this airless storehouse, without wind or sound. Only the sun stunts through high windows on to a broken floor of chairs, sofas, tables, beds, statues, peacock feathers, and stuffed animals.

It is a refreshing book which young people, for whom it was originally conceived, can enjoy as much as their elders. The photographs by the author are excellent.

There is something of the lumber room about Roman churches. Miss Sharp has chosen 162 of them to describe for the visitor to Rome. She omits St. Peter's on the dubious grounds that it is already well covered elsewhere and is in any case too large a subject for a book of limited size. She begins with St. John Lateran, which in many ways is more interesting than St. Peter's, and wisely gives it full historical treatment. She also takes it to be the Pope's Cathedral which has recently been seriously questioned. She nevertheless gives an impression of enjoying herself in the dusty legends with such familiar old spirits as St. Luke, that most astonishing of all painters who used angels to complete his works as lesser men use apprentices, or Helena, Constantine's mother, who founded the remarkable collection of relics and other pious remains with which Rome is still littered. The book has maps showing all the churches mentioned and is unusually well supplied with appendices of background information. The style sometimes reverts to the old-fashioned descriptive jerks of older guide-books: "near it is a market or show-ground which used to be frequented by roughs and mountebanks". The amount of information is substantial. People who know San' Eustachio as the saint who has given his name to a square where perhaps the best coffee in Rome can be bought, may be interested to learn that St. Eustachio's relics are in the church named after him under the high altar with those of his wife and sons who were all martyred by being roasted alive in a brazen bull in the Colosseum. By careful use of the index, the visitor can track down gory remains galore and from the text something of the history of individual churches and their main claims to the visitor's attention. Small plans are given of the most important churches. It will be extremely useful to many people without the time for the larger, unmanageable volumes, or the inclination for a more critical approach.

Mr. Larsen: *Munich. Cities of the World No. 6*. 80pp. Phoenix House. 18s.

Munich has always enjoyed a special place among German cities in the hearts of English visitors, especially the older generation. Many of them have learnt such German as they possess as paying guests of a friendly family living in somewhat reduced circumstances on either side of the Ludwigstrasse and the Siegestor, or have learnt their first introduction to the world of music and above all opera in the Prinzregententheater or the Nationaltheater and still look back to the *Gemäldegalerie* of the Bavarian capital as the *Kreutzer*, and more besides.

Mr. Larsen, describing the Munich of today in this latest addition to the series, "Cities of the World", sets out to reassure them that the spirit of the town and its atmosphere are essentially unchanged after all the upheavals of the past thirty years. As a Munich-born writer prevented by the Nazis from the exercise of his profession who found refuge in this country and settled here, he is, of course, not likely to overlook the part which the "Capital of the Movement" played during the twelve years of Hitler's Thousand-Year Reich, nor the holocaust of destruction with which it paid for it and which is still visible in spite of so much rebuilding. In the very centre of the city and has its leading monument in the carefully preserved ruin of what was once the Marshall-Museum.

He is of course aware, as a regular visitor, of the immense post-war influx of "foreigners" (as any native would be called by the natives), nor does he forget the vast industrial development which has taken place in the city since the war. He is right, however, in his judgment that the predominant bourgeois and rural character of the population, reinvigorated as it is from its agricultural hinterland, has remained remarkably unchanged and consequent loss of traditional values is not merely a matter of fashion and Oktoberfest, of the old and the new, and the little theatres of young and old still making their way under the Italianate facade of a stone's throw from the world's worst-kept secret.

V. S. PRITCHETT: *Dublin: A Portrait*. 99pp. Photographs by Evelyn Hofer. Bodley Head. £4 4s.

Mr. Pritchett first knew Dublin in 1923, when he went there to write about the Civil War, and enchantment has endured. In these pages he appears as a close observer with an impressive familiarity with history and background. Despite the demagogues, much of the city, he notes, retains its Georgian and early-Victorian character, and he records that its spaciousness owes much to the enterprise of planners who, two centuries ago, set up a Commission for Making Wide and Convenient Streets—the principal street is 154 feet wide. "There is a Dublin saying, attributed either to Gogarty or Yeats," he writes, "that the capital of holy Ireland is notable for having the statues to three commanding adulterers in its main street. Parry, Nelson and O'Connell." Sadly, Nelson has been blown up by extremists, and the great pillar on which he stood has gone—Dublin merchants and shippers paid to build it in gratitude for Nelson's victories which kept the seas open, and it gave tone to O'Connell Street.

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MUSIC MAKERS OF GERMANY

FRITZ HENNENBERG: *The Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra*. 101pp. KARL LAUX: *The Dresden Staatskapelle*. 125pp. RICHARD PETZOLD: *The Leipzig Thomae Chor*. 94pp. Translated by Lena Jaek. Leipzig V.E.B. London: Dennis Dobson. 21s each.

From the purely factual point of view, these three books are a welcome addition to the rather scanty literature in English dealing with famous musical institutions in Germany. By far the oldest of the three is the *Thomae Chor*, which had its origins in the Middle Ages, and entered musical history when Georg Rhau became its first known cantor and held office until 1520. It was during the next generation, in 1584, that the Dresden Staatskapelle (a court choir of twenty singers) was founded. By such venerable standards the *Gewandhaus Orchestra*, which dates from the 1740s, is comparatively youthful.

Each of the books traces the history of the institution from its obscure early days as a purely local body, through the great times of expansion and change in the late eighteenth century onwards, to a pinnacle of national and international fame. Great names abound. The annals of St. Thomas's Choir School were written by the work of such men as Heinrich Kuntze, J. S. Bach, J. A. Hiller, Wilhelm Rust and Karl Straube. The fortunes of the *Gewandhaus Orchestra* were forged by such famous conductors as Mendelssohn, Bruckner, Mahler, and Kurt Masur. (Naturally it had close links with the choir school.) At Dresden the small choir of the Renaissance expanded, under Schütz, Hasse, Naumann, Weber, Wagner, Reiksigier and Schuch, to become an orchestra serving both concert-hall and opera-house, and was associated with many first performances of works by Richard Strauss.

The books abound with illustrations. Some of those from early times are charming and historically most attractive. Particularly interesting are those which show churches, sumptuous and lovely concert-halls and opera-houses now vanished or completely altered. But there are far too many dull photographs of modern conductors, pianists and singers. Even the freshness of the St. Thomas choir-boys at home or on tour pulls after a few pages. It was perhaps unavoidable that the post-1945 story of east German institutions should be tinged with propaganda. The heroic efforts made in Leipzig and Dresden to rebuild their war-torn musical life deserve all praise, but one does get a little tired of such sentiments as: "An important contribution to the founding of a socialist German national culture also should be made in Dresden, a national culture which does not seclude itself from the world, but in union with progressive people of all continents pursues one aim..." The accounts and

pictures of the many tours, especially in communist countries, and the same party line, illustrated by official receptions and handshakes with people bearing famous names such as Tchaikovsky's nephew.

While all this has to be accepted, the style of the booklets and the translation cannot. Although there are three different authors, the style is uniformly pedestrian and verbose. Perhaps this is the fault of the language, which is also somewhat clumsy and almost comical. We read of "ecstasy of sound, with which the choir works". Again: "The passionate and the human content of the choral works". Again: "The passionate and the human content of the choral works". Again: "The passionate and the human content of the choral works".

STREETS BROAD AND NARROW

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THAMES AND HUDSON

JEAN BOUVIER: *Les Rothschild*. 350pp. Paris: Fayard. 21fr.

The notorious unwillingness of banking Rothschilds to give access to their archives or indeed to impart gratuitous information about their affairs to the public is matched by the avidity with which members of the family not involved in banking business seek to fill this lacuna. As a consequence serious studies of this unique dynasty are as scarce as frivolous ones are plentiful, and it is not surprising that one of the latest of these has just been turned into a musical. M. Jean Bouvier on the other hand is an economist of note as well as a serious historian who has addressed himself to the problem of presenting the development of the Rothschild bank in France from its beginnings right up to the present day against a background supplied by his intimate knowledge of modern economic history. His book is based on omnivorous reading of published sources as well as in the archives of the Crédit Lyonnais. In this respect M. Bouvier is not as fortunate as M. Bertrand Gilie, to whom the Rothschild archives in Paris but not in London have been opened and the first volume of whose history of the house of Rothschild has recently been published. Nevertheless the reader is not made conscious of this deprivation and M. Bouvier's account of the business activities of the Rothschilds in France will rank as a prime source to economic historians for many years to come as well as providing absorbing reading matter for the less academically inclined. This publication by Fayard in 1967 brings up to date an edition originally distributed to the members of the Club Français du Livre in 1960.

In eighteenth-century Germany, divided into no fewer than 300 independent states, free towns, or princ-

palities each with its own tariff system, there was an urgent need for some form of extraterritorial communication and this was supplied by the court Jews who as merchants and foreign exchange dealers had an outlet for their otherwise ghetto-confined energies. Among these one of the most successful was M. A. Rothschild of Frankfurt whose protector and patron was the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. This highly business-savvy family had as their main source of income the supply of mercenary soldiers to the armies of George III, and it was in order to encash the British government's payments more conveniently that M. A. Rothschild sent his most intelligent son Nathan to Manchester at the age of twenty-one in 1798, equipped with the not inconsiderable capital by any standards of £20,000.

The Rothschild fortunes were immensely enhanced by the blockade on England imposed by Napoleon and the exile from Frankfurt of the ruling house as a consequence of the battle of Jena. This notwithstanding, M. A. Rothschild continued to manage Prince William of Hesse's finances and much of these were invested in England; at the same time the British armies in the peninsula were paid and victualled by the agency of N. M. Rothschild in London who forwarded the necessary remittances via France and Spain. James, subsequently head of the Paris house, came to France in 1811 (with a passport issued by the Bishop of Dalberg), his task being to convert the golden guineas that Nathan smuggled out of England into drafts on Spanish banks payable in the peninsula. Thus when the Napoleonic wars came to an end the Rothschild family was not only rich and powerful but also both uncompromised by the Napoleonic system and indelibly associated with the legitimate regimes now restored. The centre of gravity of their operations passed from Frankfurt to London and Paris, and in the latter James, though never a French citizen,

reigned supreme for more than half a century. There is an unforgettable picture of this Balzacian figure working interminably with his three sons in the same small office with a constant flow in and out of brokers, messengers and commission agents, while doors banged, clerks came in with letters for signature and though typewriters were perforce lacking no other element of disturbance was avoided. This went on every day from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon without even a break for lunch which James took at his desk with the brokers still pouring in and out. And all this at a time when the wealth of the house was insatiable: all that can be said with certainty is that it must have been double the 120 million gold francs at which it is put by M. Gilie in 1828.

As bankers to the crowned heads of Europe the Rothschild family had an immense vested interest in the maintenance of European peace and were in a position to bring influence to bear on those individuals in whose power the crucial decisions lay. For this reason they were never Bonapartists and, although James entertained Napoleon III in princely style, this was done as much as anything from the need to thwart the Periers, the Emperor's favourites, whose rising fame was highly obnoxious to the Haute Banque. M. Bouvier devotes a whole chapter to the contest between the Rothschilds and the Periers which ended in the crash of the Crédit Mobilier; how far the Rothschilds were in fact responsible for this and how far the insane speculations of the Periers—especially in Mexico—is hard to say now, but it certainly left the Rothschild family more firmly established than ever. The same can be said of the Union Générale failure in 1882; again all that can be said definitely is that Bontoux, its founder, attacked the Rothschild banking and railway monopolies in Austria-Hungary, his bank failed and he got a prison sentence for embezzlement.

of shareholders' funds. The Rothschilds were never overtly challenged by competitors again. What did happen was that their capital resources were now surpassed by those of the joint stock companies and they became as a bank much more concerned with the investment of their own funds than with the management of foreign loans, and the railway and public utility promotions that had preoccupied them earlier in the century. It is in this sense only that it is right to talk of their decadence and M. Peyrefitte, who makes much of this in his disagreeable book *Les Juifs*, is rightly taken to task by M. Bouvier. It is also true

that their participation in Rhodes's projects in South Africa and in the Russian oilfields taken longer to fructify than century taxation has made even on these Ascor-sized loans. Nevertheless their history can today as a unique endorsement of the dynamic system. The point complete variance on all that involve opinion. Who made when doctors disagree? As for the broad outlines some ground. William Wilde, a great natural gift, by profession an ophthalmic and aural surgeon, was in person a small, simian being who drank a good deal of Scotch whisky and his life was the pursuit of women. His wife, who was gigantic and perhaps of Jewish Italian stock, was a paragon of the sobriety and the sobriety of "Speranza", wrote a large quantity of frightful verse dedicated to the cause of Irish nationalism. It is when we examine the question of emphasis that the difference between the two books becomes apparent. Mr. de Vere White is a patriotic Briton and a lawyer and he has, up to speak, accepted a brief to render his somewhat bedraggled clients as palatable as possible. The late Eric Lambert had no such motive; much less accurate and much less full than Mr. White, he lays in his darks with an inordinate and relentless hand. The treatment of the unsavoury lawsuit which ended Sir William's successful career shortly after he had been knighted for his "services to statistics" offers the best example of the extreme disparity in approach. To Mr. Lambert it is quite evident that the symphonies Miles Travers destroyed Sir William had been, over a long period, his mistress, and even borne him a son. To Mr. White, Miles Travers's accusations are completely, or almost completely,

FACTS OF EUROPE
JOHN CALMANN (Editor): *Western Europe*. A Handbook. Anthony Blond. 7s. 7d.

Mr. Calmann's handbook is an exceedingly ambitious undertaking. He has aimed to combine a good deal of the information contained in *Whitaker's Almanac*, the *Annual Register*, and the *Statesman's Yearbook* to a single year (though much of the information is to be dated not later than 1965); he has embraced the whole of western Europe; and he has thrown in the equivalent of several chapters out of a Chatham House *Survey of International Affairs*. For this monumental task he has recruited an able team of experts, and the result is in many respects admirable. But how long it will remain useful as a work of reference in a rapidly changing world must be a matter of doubt. The book is divided into three parts. Part I contains basic data on twenty-seven independent states of Europe, excluding the Soviet Union and other "people's democracies", but including peripheral states such as Turkey and Cyprus, and even the smallest of the sub-states such as

A DOWNFALL OF BANKERS

KARL ERICH BORN: *Die deutsche Bankenkrise 1931. Finanzen und Politik*. 272pp. Munich: Piper. DM. 22.

In a recent polemic in the new Oxford magazine *Approach*, Dr. R. M. Hartwell states that "it was the development of the social sciences, and especially economics, which rescued history from the entertainment industry and gave it... a new lease of life as a serious subject". Professor Born on the other hand is an economic historian who takes seriously his duties as an entertainer, and this alone is reason enough to welcome his new book on the crisis of the German banking system in July, 1931 (parts of which have been serialized in the German press). Its great virtue is that it is written with clarity which makes both analysis and narrative immediately accessible to the non-specialist reader. This quality is less the result of an oversimplification of difficult problems than the product of admirable care and thoughtfulness in the construction of the material and in the writing itself.

After an exceptionally lucid analysis of the weaknesses of the German banking system in the years 1924-29, Professor Born deals briefly, but competently with the immediate economic and political antecedents of the bank holiday; the core of the book is a very detailed narrative of the crisis itself. May to July, 1931, based largely upon Cabinet records, and the author concludes with a comprehensive survey of the international and domestic measures taken to overcome the crisis. At no stage is the analysis obscured or the narrative clogged by the abundance of material (largely statistical) which Professor Born has gathered from contemporary government and periodical publications. The evidence is always used to some point, a noteworthy achievement. The writer's precise and concrete vocabulary together with the book's pleasant to read makes most recent German works on the period.

It was perhaps not Professor Born's purpose to add decisively to our knowledge of the subject. Only on three points of any substance does he amend or supplement the earlier brilliant, but more discursive and

technical study by Rolf Lütke. Professor Born does show conclusively that the French did not withdraw funds from Vienna in the spring of 1931 in an attempt to force an Austrian renunciation of the Customs Union plan; French foreign policy was thus not responsible for the collapse of the *Creditanstalt* in mid-May. Secondly, Professor Born deals at some length with the politically important subject of the savings banks and their role in local government finance. In order to improve social amenities in the 1920s, the municipalities had tended to use their influence over the savings banks to obtain credits which stretched the latter's resources beyond a safe liquidity margin; when after 1930 the burden of supporting the ever-growing numbers of unemployed upon the organs of local government, repayment of these loans in July 1931 the position of the savings banks was no stronger than that of the big private banks. The Provincial Bank of the Rhineland was only saved from closure by prompt and generous help from the Reichsbank. As part of the post-crisis reforms the influence of the municipalities over the savings banks was decisively weakened (October, 1931), but the former were not given alternative sources of revenue: one inhibit by decree bankruptcy declarations by the municipalities, and the legally binding order of priorities for their expenditure—at the bottom of which was the payment of contractors' bills. The financial crisis thus contributed decisively to the political weakening of democratic local government in Germany and facilitated the Nazi seizure of power in this sphere.

Thirdly Professor Born's survey of the aftermath of the crisis adds to our knowledge of the causes of the fall of the Brüning government. The at the selfish and dishonest conduct of the leading private bankers during July: in the latter half of 1931 he demanded and secured their formal resignation from their posts, created a (long overdue) bank inspectorate, used his statutory powers to reduce interest rates, and in the spring of 1932 forced the fusion of the two weakest banks into a new Dresdener Bank, two-thirds of the share capital of which was owned by the Reich. The bankers' resentment against these measures cost Brüning an important source of political support at a time when other aspects of his economic policy were lending both heavy industry and East Elbian agriculture to begin to look for political alternatives.

For all its virtues, however, this book has a number of serious defects which seem to derive rather from the narrow perspective typical of a monograph than from a belief on the part of the author that the general reader would have no interest in wider questions of interpretation. Analysis of the weakness of the German banking system in terms of its over-expansion, the ruthless competition between the big banks, their lack of private capital, their low liquidity ratio, the long-term lending of short-term and frequently foreign—credits, &c., such analysis is an indispensable foundation, but no substitute for a discussion of policy. One constantly wants to ask why? of Professor Born's accurate but lapidary and staccato assertions of fact. Why did the private bankers (with the exception of Fürstberg of the Berliner Handels-Gesellschaft) show such complete disregard for "sound banking principles" in the 1920s? The German government was formally prohibited by the Dawes Settlement from controlling the enormous inflow of foreign loans, but is there any indication that it wanted to? And why, when by early 1927 the instability of the whole structure was clear to Schacht, and probably to Norman and Parker Gilbert too, were no efforts made to gain at least precise information about the degree of Germany's foreign indebtedness and about the workings of the domestic credit system? This ignorance severely hampered the government and the banks in 1931. Why did German industry over-invest in the period 1925-28, transforming short-term loans from the banks into fixed capital? Why was no Weimar

government able to balance the budget? The stabilization of 1923 and the Dawes Settlement form the latest possible starting point for a discussion of the bank crisis, but I receive very cursory treatment in the book. These are all questions of immediate relevance to Professor Born's theme but, unlike Rolf Lütke he refuses to tread any speculative ground. His study thus tends to be positivistic and lacks a firm political and economic context; from this it follows his perhaps too sympathetic portrayal of Brüning and Lütke, who appear rather as good men beset by a catastrophe for which they were in no way responsible.

This passive impression of the German government is heightened by Professor Born's failure to see the international financial negotiations of 1931 in the overall framework of the international relations of the period. He has used neither the published American nor the unpublished German foreign policy documents, and is surprisingly unaware of the very thorough study by Robert Bennett, *Germany and the Danube*, and of other relevant works by British and American historians. Professor Born has a better grasp of the financial issues involved (than Dr. Bontoux, but the latter, though anti-German in tone, is much superior on both the context and the details of the financial diplomacy. Lastly, the book is an excellent example of the dangers of bank crash in the unstable structure of the credit system, as opposed to its international origins in the withdrawal of foreign credits, but he does not argue this case out. It would have been a better book had Professor Born used for the discussion of such questions the space which he has given here to the reproduction of documents, the content of which he largely extends to the narrative section. But it is none the less a very useful contribution and a welcome sign that beginning to emerge history is at last beginning to emerge from the attention of German historians. Professor Born's general economic history of Germany since 1918 on which he is now working, will be eagerly awaited.

WAITING FOR OSCAR
Bertrand Russell: *Philosopher of the Century*. Essays in his Honour, edited by Ralph Schoenman. 326pp. Allen and Unwin. £2.2s.

An eminent man who lives to be ninety-five is likely to survive many of his biographers and to require several reappraisals of his work. The obituary notices that would have appeared before and during the First World War, in the 1930s and after the exploitation of atomic energy, differ markedly from each other; and the biographer's task is complicated by the fact that, after becoming almost accepted as an establishment figure, Bertrand Russell has in recent years recovered the youthful zest that so often put him at odds with authority.

No one can therefore cavil at the appearance of a volume of essays in his honour, edited by Mr. Ralph Schoenman. The nineteen contributors, of whom several have already pre-deceased the seemingly immortal Russell, pay tribute to all the facets of his versatile activities; but it is as the "philosopher of the century" that the editor wishes him to be acknowledged. There are few today who would defend the various philosophical positions that Russell at different times adopted, and he himself is probably not among the number, for one of the secrets of his success has been his ability to start each book fresh as though he had never written anything before.

Yet the title "philosopher of the century" is not undeserved, for with G. E. Moore he did as much as anyone to undermine the prevailing idealism of English and Scottish philosophy; and his subsequent careful analysis of all the logical possibilities of linguistic usage was a major factor in the rise of the dominant philosophical school today. In this volume two professional philosophers from among his own countrymen add their tribute. Dr. C. D. Broad is obviously sensitive to his rapid changes in position but regards the "neutral monism" that he put forward in *The Philosophy of Mind* as being (whether ultimately tenable or not) as "about the most important contribution which has been made to speculative philosophy in my lifetime". Professor A. J. Ayer sees him as resuming the tradition of British empiricism after the idealist interruption, and justifies the title of the book by asserting that "he is, and is likely to remain, its outstanding representative in the twentieth century".

If Russell had continued to devote

DEVILISH GOOD FELLOW
J. P. T. Bury (Editor): *Romilly's Cambridge Diary, 1832-42*. 260pp. Cambridge University Press. £3.3s.

little-tittle, which is perhaps what we might expect, than about the issues which most people then and since thought "really mattered". Romilly was a good Whig, like his famous uncle, and was shocked in 1832, the year with which this volume begins, with much of the "horrid conservatism" he could not avoid in the combination rooms. Yet the entries relating to politics, even college politics, seldom record the content of conversations. Too much to what was said or behind what was said was taken for granted. We have to rest content, therefore, with such statements as "Lodge said during some of the whist and talked Politics with not a word of which I agree" or "Dined with Cummings (and others)". Enjoyed it very much, the Clark & Hopkins preached over their wine about the reform bill. Even an issue like the 1834 petition "to emancipate our negroes" (except "the Divinity") from religious "fasts" is dealt with very cursorily. By contrast, references to the content of sermons were copious, and style of approach were directly related to content. "In this boasting age," we read, for example, in 1840, "a figure of Hare's was rather amusing when he spoke of young men trimming their boat in some retired creek before they launched on the great ocean of life."

Great names occur, but there are few accounts of personalities in any depth. Christopher Wordsworth, appointed Master of Trinity in 1820 by Lord Liverpool, was clearly not to Romilly's taste. On one occasion, when he dismissed Thirlwall, he was described as "despotic" and "fool-

ish". On many other occasions his political partiality was noted. Yet Romilly had little to say about his refusal to retire from office until after the Whigs had lost power. His successor, Whewell, was described by Romilly as "a wonderful man" ("there is such a feeling of doing good in all his speculations"), yet we learn nothing from the diaries of Whewell's place in the intellectual history of his time. We do hear, however, that George Peacock, "a gentleman, Peacock, as he was known to his pupils (Mr. Robert Robson has recently quoted a grateful pupil as saying that 'never was there a Tutor of Trinity... more affectionately remembered by his pupils'), could present 'a furious antireform discourse', 'a vile sermon against the lower orders having anything to do with politics'."

The "lower orders" belonged to a very different world. The undergraduates, however, could occasionally afford a limited political excitement close at hand. Wordsworth once addressed "the Aristotel part of the Students", saying that "they did not in general distinguish themselves so highly as they ought especially in these evil times, &c.". On another occasion bad habits were copied from Oxford and there was "prodigious bad taste in the galleries". In 1842, on a higher plane, a critic of Whewell's *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences* appeared in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review* "to the Undergraduates" against the Master of Trinity, yet there is little sense in these diaries of "evil times". Cambridge and England obviously had very different "good times", "good cheer" and, for the right moment, "good champagne".

There are many occasions, therefore, when in reading these diaries we feel, as G. M. Young hoped, that all historians would feel that we can actually hear the people talking. Unfortunately we hear far more

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MR. JOHN WILLETT tells us that *Art in a City* was developed from a report to the Liverpool Bluecoat Society of Arts; it was originally presented in autumn 1965, and it was made possible by a grant from the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation. The subject is exceedingly important, for it is one on which the future of our large towns is directly dependent. The result is a welcome increase in our knowledge, for it is now possible to ask how it is that at least one of them—Liverpool—has got where it has, what were the hopes and frustrations of its artists in the past, how the appearance of the city strikes them now, and, above all, where the realities and the reactions of the present will impel the city in the future. All of which is desperately important to all our dingy English towns. Certainly not Liverpool alone. That being so, the Gulbenkian Foundation has got the best of value for its money.

Now that the shock of the Second World War has worn off in a way on the verge of rebuilding in the way really fit for man, and a constant spur to his imagination? If not, we may be about to decline into a smug respectability; we may rid ourselves of the slums and traffic jams perhaps, but have no idea of the possibilities that might be opened to us of a new urban environment. We may live on a more lavish scale possibly, but will that give us any greater ability to look through the eyes of the artist, away from the tawdry and the downright squalid, and to recognize the clean in line and shape that the artist so often wants to give us today? All of which adds up to a possibility that will remain a possibility until we make it come alive.

It is a book like *Art in a City* that will create the artistic millennium this implies, if anything can, for it is well

JOHN WILLETT: *Art in a City*, 287pp., 165 illustrations. Methuen for the Bluecoat Society of Arts. £4 4s.

Informed about the past, critical of the present, and hopeful of the future. And it reminds us of the artistic foundations laid in Liverpool's nineteenth-century past, which included the Walker Art Gallery, the predecessor of the City School of Art and Design, and the University. The story begins with Roscoe, great names like Whistler and John's occur in it as it unfolds. And the first phase in it ends with the astonishing possibility Sir Charles Reilly presented in his *Stiffening in the Sky* of a Faculty of Fine Arts with D. S. MacColl, Augustus John, Epstein, and Elgar leading it. An insubstantial might-have-been, no doubt, but one which illustrates, as nothing else can, the qualities of the Liverpool of the days before the First World War.

Mr. Willett writes attractively and persuasively of the Liverpool of that period, but he writes with at least equal force of the sad decline of its artistic life during the next generation. Reilly stood on the watershed between the ages, for it was he, no less, the founder of the reputation of the School of Architecture, who thought that the artist of his day seemed "little more than a parasite, waiting on the caprices of the rich rather than expressing the essential culture of his own time"; a remark which suggests that the fundamental disaster happened a long time ago. Painters may have lost their sense of purpose even before the end of the Victorian Age; what was missing was an ability to see the way ahead clearly and conclusively. If Arthur Ballard, the best-known Liverpool painter of today, has it that "I could have worked as a charwoman and earned more money," it may be that no local painter has earned even a charwoman's wages for a long time. Indeed, Mr. Willett is as unhappy as most people about the position we have reached, and he may agree that artists get nothing less or more than they deserve. "The very existence,"

he writes, "of a body of professional artists in Liverpool is a bit of a sham," as nearly all "rely on teaching or some other primary employment, treating the sale of their works as a more or less irregular wind-fall." The average Liverpool patron no longer buys Liverpool work. So, if Liverpool artists can be said to deserve what they get, Liverpool gets the artists it deserves.

What we are witnessing is the death of "fine" art both as a means of expression and as a livelihood. It is

own naive way. "Once", he says, "a distinctive movement started it might be almost as hard to hold back as the Mersey Sound", a remark that echoes another thought of his that "there is just a possibility that some spark might be struck in the visual arts which would lead the gifted schoolchild to turn to them again after leaving school, and attack them with the same passion as he has been attacking his drums or his electric guitar."

Oh grateful colours, bright looks!

The grass is green
The tulip is red
A ginger cat walks over
The pink almond petals on the flower bed.
Enough has been said to show
It is life we are talking about. Oh
Grateful colours, bright looks! Well, to go
On. Fabricated things too—front doors and gates,
Bricks, slates, paving stones—are coloured
And as it has been raining and is sunny now
They shine. Only that puddle
Which, reflecting the height of the sky
Quits gives one a feeling of vertigo, shows
No colour, is a negative. Men!
Seize colours quick, heap them up while you can.
But perhaps it is a false tale that says
The landscape of the dead
Is colourless.

STEVE SMITH

being replaced by a new world of "folk" art, which is in a sense being called into existence to redress the balance of the old, and it is thought by some that a great thing can be made of it. Mr. Willett thinks that it is the characteristic nature of Liverpool life that the artist can now explore his own special world in his

If the achievements of Liverpool painting can be said to be manifest only at this level, one cannot help but feel that it is on its way out with a whimper, rather than set on the road towards the realization of its early promise. The only art which seems to have done any of the great and the substantial things Reilly hoped for is music, and music may in some sense have set an example for fine art to follow. Music seems to have been able to build on the foundations laid and still being laid by the city's schools, which include the rudiments of musical knowledge in the content of the popular education that everyone takes for granted. It is this that has not only brought pop music with it, for better rather than for worse, but has also made the highest standards of orchestral playing possible both to be achieved by players of serious music and to be appreciated by listeners to it. The result is that the Philharmonic Hall is filled through the season. A large part of the new audience for weekend concerts consists of young people, and the programmes of the crowded "prestige" concerts contain, the prospectus says, "a mixture of well-known masterpieces of the past and the finest music of the present day." The artistic standards that are achieved and maintained are of the highest; that is their own justification. But perhaps the most important thing about this is that these standards are so infectious. They are a constant inspiration to young musicians (as last year's pianists' competition showed at Leeds, where the Liverpool Orchestra made a decisive contribution to the splendid success of the event). All this is obvious; but what is not so readily understood is that these considerations are equally important to the rank and file of intelligent listeners to music as they are to the professionals who play it. The sense of the upward surge of effort arising out of Liverpool's music is of great importance in the City's affairs. It is cheap, dirt cheap, at the price it costs.

One may add to these general observations on the whole promising trend of specific local circumstances that the City has throughout this century supported what may be termed "public art" through its schools of architecture and civic design. Add to this the very material fact that an imaginative scheme has been adopted for the rebuilding of the City Centre, as one might think that one is presented with both the occasion and the means for a revival of interest in architectural design in the context of the particular large, and fine arts in particular. But the most striking thing Mr. Willett does is perhaps to call attention to the truly surprising fact that the subject of public art, which should give fine art its background and merge into it, has been so strikingly neglected here, as elsewhere.

There is, then, a local opportunity to remedy this deficiency, and a challenge to Liverpool people to do so. Could not the Chair in Fine Art that has been tentatively agreed on by the University be devoted to this purpose, in the special context of architecture and planning? Mr. Willett's book amounts to a plea that this should be done, and the urgent thing about his idea is that it is so timely. Many buildings must be designed in the next few years; as a whole, they will form what may well be a magnificent new city, as Mr. Grosvenor Shankland, who has planned the Central Area, has pointed out. The opportunity may be lost. The rebuilding of the blitzed areas after the war is evidence of what Mr. Willett calls "the shortage of inspiration among Liverpool architects." The association of the Chair with so practical an endeavour might well give it purpose, and the teaching of its holder a practical meaning. Why, it must be done? This should not be done by the professionals who are told that the idea has no use, to some quite unnecessary section of Liverpool, as encouraging the artist to develop a flamboyant "personality", rather than keep his attention on honest work. The more is the pity.

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ON TRANSLATION

S. J. Perelman once complained: "Don't bring me Osamu (when it's Osamu I need)", and many literary translators could well have felt the same in the past few years. What they were unexpectedly being brought was prizes these days for translators—but status, a recognition that the middleman matters in an age desperate for mediation between cultures. It may be that the incompetence of machines to cope with the ambiguities of the job has helped to bring about this reassessment of an activity which we can now admit is fully human. Status, however, does not buy shoes, and it has long been time that the methods by which translators get paid became more flexible. The Translators' Association's latest *Bulletin* (published by the Society of Authors, 84 Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.10, 1s.) suggests a quite fighting terms that this is beginning to happen. The *Bulletin* draws the attention of any translator about to put his name to a contract with a publisher that within the meaning of the Copyright Act of 1948 he is the "creator" of a literary work, even if all he might have wanted to claim for himself was to be the re-creator of someone else's.

It is ingrained by an apprenticeship of humility die hard and too many translators apparently sign away their copyright without any thought for the possibilities of exploitation, the sale of film rights and so on. To many of them such possibilities are bound to seem far-fetched or even comic, but to sign, as the *Bulletin* recommends, a "license" rather than an "assignment" agreement with the publisher is good sense if it helps to establish a common principle. The translator ought to assume that any book is capable of subsequent exploitation, from the benefits of which he will be excluded unless he takes the same sort of precautions as its original author is used to taking.

There are two other advantages which "creators" have traditionally deriving from publishers and which translators are now encouraged to secure for themselves: royalties and advances. Most translations are still thought of as if they were handiwork, and so much per thousand words, the original and what sort of a reputation the translator has to bargain with. Under this system payment becomes a question of whether the translator takes one lump-sum fee, or the first on delivery of the manuscript and the second on publication day. The *Bulletin* of the Association suggests to translators that they should do better than this and try to get royalties on any copies above an agreed number. But there is no reason why a translator should not be paid wholly in royalties, thus identifying himself with the fate of his work and its creative community which is the uncertainty of its exact financial fate.

Another intelligent suggestion is that what is happily ceasing to be called "fast principle" is being replaced by the French writer Jean-Claude Carrière, who has arranged to be paid and pay his own translator's fee. He negotiates the foreign-language rights. His English or American publisher will then in effect buy from him a novel in English, and pay for the work he has saved them. The idea of paying advances to translators has been nobly exploited by the University of Texas. The idea was set up at the beginning of the war with an annual grant from

the Ford Foundation, and in its first two years of patronage paid out advances to selected translators averaging a little under \$3,000, having set them, in its own words, "at a considerably higher rate than is currently paid for translation to encourage applicants to dedicate time and care to their craft." Those who receive advances are expected to repay them, up to a certain percentage, from the fees and royalties they earn once their work is published, but they have to make their own arrangements for publication rather than use the centre as a go-between. In this case the implications are that subsidy improves quality, although those chosen to receive help would presumably have turned out good work, whatever conditions they worked under.

In the present state of literary translation the Texas Center is valuable as a top dressing, and if it accentuates the distinction between literary translators (masterpieces) and literary translators (contemporary) this will do no harm. It will not, on principle, commission translations of anything published in the past five years, and in practice has not commissioned anything published for the first time since the war. But if the centre's advances are speculative rather than commercial there is nothing to stop journeyman translators of contemporary books qualifying for a more modest advance from their publishers. This would at least turn them into three-lump men instead of two, and make them a little less anxious to have the manuscript rushed into print.

With these actual or potential improvements in his working conditions the literary translator ought to be able to make a dignified living, especially if he has the confidence and the current to use a tape-recorder instead of a typewriter. But at the same time his readers ought to insist on a more rigorous quality control; most contemporary translations read persuasively because they have been edited by the publishers, but they do not all stand up by any means to being compared with the original. A masterpiece may need "interpreting"; the average novel certainly does not. It would be a good thing both for them and for us if fewer translators translated more books each in the course of a year. It would be an even better thing if a few of our best literary translators set themselves up in business as sub-contractors, and guaranteed the quality of everything which came from their "studios." They have lost their chains and now is the time to unite.

Letters to the Editor

PERFORMING POETS

Sir,—I have been interested in the letters about the Performing Poets. The metaphysical poets of the eighteenth century was so obviously a slip of the tongue that I realized that it was a mistake. The first raised the point in a letter to the *Guardian*. Anyway, I'm hopeless about dates, and have made worse boners than that, alas, in, for instance, television commentaries. Sub-edited on newspapers and magazines I work for always automatically check dates in my copy, but the metaphysical poets mistake was made verbally in the course of an extempore radio interview during a rehearsal of the Performing Poets when the full horror of the occasion had just broken upon me. I therefore went uncorrected. Not that I set myself up as an expert on the metaphysical poets. I mentioned them because I had just become infatuated with a "long" poem by George Herbert "The Love Song of J. Keats," and I was weary of time." Marvell ("Horatian Ode") &c. &c. It's a very unsystematic, unscholarly way, I admit, but I can't pick up a volume of poems or an anthology and work through it. The only twentieth-century poet who has appealed to me at all is Hardy, though as a young man I passed through a brief phase of admiring *The Waste Land* and before I realized that it was bogus and sentimental; the two great failings of the homosexual temperament.

One of your correspondents said that I seemed to be unduly concerned with posterity. Not so. I simply brought

up what the attitude of posterity was likely to be to contemporary letters, as an index of durability. After all, in the eyes of posterity Dylan Thomas will be measured against Keats, the Beatles against Purcell, Iris Murdoch against Jane Austen, &c. &c. My point was that I stick to it that in any comparison our lot just wouldn't be in the running. As for works like *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Finnegans Wake* they'll be of interest only as a kind of old joke, and the contemporary critic who looks at them seriously will see as comparable with the Royal Academicians who recently hung on the line a picture by a child of three-and-a-half.

Another correspondent complained that I left out music which had greatly flourished in our time. As far as music's concerned I'm an even greater ignoramus than on the metaphysical poets, and just sit listening night after night to Beethoven, Bach and Mozart (especially Bach), without bothering with Schönberg, Mahler, or even Cage. I expect to my irreparable loss.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE,
Robertsbridge, Sussex.

THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY

Sir,—I am glad that Mr. Bateson (August 10) agrees with me about the kind of article he should have written. But he is not so barren of ideas about poetry and linguistics as he claims—see his article in the current *Essays in Criticism*, in which he offers a detailed and impassioned rebuttal of the notion that there can be "amicable cooperation" between "post-structuralist linguistics and post-1. A. Richards criticism." What a fascinating topic, and how snugly Mr. Bateson's treatment of it would have fitted in to your special number. The editor of *Essays in Criticism* clearly knows how to get the best out of his contributors.

STANLEY WILLIAMS,
Dulwich, S.E.21.

Sir,—I, too, found Mr. Bateson's article curious and pointless in the context provided by the "Crosscurrents" number of *The Times Literary Supplement*. One suspects that there are many genres of the modern idiom of twentieth-century poetry, but Mr. Bateson never gets near the interesting crosscurrents. If the announced topic had been "language and poetry in the twentieth century" some very relevant crosscurrents could have been proposed. There is a sense of proportion here which we feel that the English language in this century has become less monolithic, more fragmentary, divorced as a whole from traditions, for example formal traditions in poetry. Doubtless this has to do with the proliferation of new media for language, with linguistic specialization to thousands of new topics and themes and uses, and with the growing publicness of language. But it is not enough to say, as Mr. Bateson does of his contrast of Keats and Hulme, that the language of poetry has become more colloquial, more human in its reference, less emotionally suggestive in a bad Romantic way. The point is that we are constantly reminded, as we read contemporary poetry, that it is refreshed infinitely and variously by styles and registers that are felt as "modern" in our non-poetic experience of the language. This poetry is modernistically inventive as our language is. Such an argument of linguistic crosscurrents could then be integrated with other distinctiveness and variation in this century's early poetry, and of the linguistic consequences of conscious and programmed aesthetic revisions.

One of Mr. Stanley Williams's specific points (August 3) concerns the relationship between linguistics and the development of the language of modern poetry. Here, too, Mr. Bateson (August 10): it is hard to discover a significant relationship. It may be that, at the turn of the century, neo-grammatical influence on literature operated at a less trivial level than its dramatization in *Pygmalion*. I do not know about this, and think it would be a relatively unfruitful line of research. But Mr. Bateson thinks of some groupings in this area by the professional linguists. As such an alleged group myself (cf. my argument with Mr. Bateson in the current *Essays in Criticism*) I must protest that yet again he misrepresents the claims of the linguists who have recently turned to literary analysis. What was proposed was an analytic usefulness of linguistics in the study of the language of poetry: see my *Essays on Style and Language* and Chaimson and Levin's *Essays on the Language of Literature* for discussion and demonstration. We want neither to influence the composition of poetry nor take over the criticism of poetry. I hope that this imaginary bogymen will soon stop troubling Mr. Bateson.

ROGER FOWLER,
University of East Anglia, School of English Studies, Wylberton Road, Norwich.

SMALL PRINT

Sir,—I wish to point out that your worthwhile suggestions in connection with small magazines (August 10), such as information, distribution, design, technical know-how and exhibitions,

were among others put to the Arts Council over a year ago. I am referring to the Poetry Centre concept that was aborted in a mysterious and silent manner at the discussion stage. Perhaps this project can be recommended on a more open and rational level?

JOHN J. SHARKEY,
52 Queensway, London, W.2.

Sir,—Your editorial (August 10) pin-pointing lack of information as the major current problem facing small presses is welcome, and I hope the Arts Council will be persuaded to sponsor a conference on your lines. Any help for small presses must be on a similarly widespread basis; selective help, e.g. by cash grant, tends to bolster "larger" presses at the expense of the poorer.

But even if the Arts Council is slow in coming forward with suitable help there is still much which small presses can do on their own. Official help is needed to found an index to current little magazines, produce fine combined catalogues or organize large-scale joint distribution of publications and advertising leaflets. But with suitable encouragement from buyers and others more presses would keep the public informed of future plans and produce frequent stocklists, even retrospective lists and indexes, some of which could eventually be combined. Editors might arrange to exchange packages of leaflets instead of single copies. Leaflets of similar size could be bound into joint catalogues.

Review articles would be more valuable if more small magazines were to concentrate on thorough coverage of a limited field, such as poetry or mimeo pamphlets.

My publications, *Small Press Review* and the *Directory of Little Magazines*, can provide basic information; the latter Council can also help everyone; but we can also significantly strengthen contact between publisher and buyer if we can persuade individual small press operators to increase their own output of publicity and information.

CAVAN MCCARTHY,
4 Hornby Street, Blackburn, Lancs.

SHAKESPEARE FOR THE SIXTIES

Sir,—As the abused party in the recent correspondence on "Shakespeare for the Sixties" may I add a postscript? Mr. J. C. Maxwell's shrewd (but undomesticated) denunciation (August 3) of the old English Shakespeare seems to lack a sense of proportion. He treats them as if they had been prepared for advanced students and textual experts.

The Penguin Shakespeare was never intended to provide a "scholar's text." The series was originally planned in 1936, long before the work of modern experts in textual matters was available. They were first published at sixpence a volume, for the use of the general reader. In 1936, the space available for the edition was very limited. Now a scholarly text suitable for the general reader who has very little interest in textual theories. Shakespeare's plays are not the private possession of any one class of reader or scholar. Each needs a different kind of edition, prepared for his particular tastes and interests. For the general reader, the editor's main business is to supply content and variety in presentation, understanding and so add to his delight. Moreover, there are fashions in editing; what pleases one generation is often repugnant to the next. If general readers like deluged in an edition of Shakespeare, they will continue to support it; otherwise it will soon wither and disappear.

As Mr. Charles Clark of Penguin Books satirically remarked in his letter of July 13, "the customers must be the end be judge." They seem not to have been dissatisfied. Over the years more than two and a half million Penguin Shakespeares have been sold; in 1966—the thirtieth year of publication—more than 100,000. It would thus seem possible that there were some virtues in the Penguin Shakespeares which are imperceptible to the constricted vision of the arrogant expert.

G. B. HARRISON,
113 West Lupton Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico, U.S.A.

PETRUCCIO

Sir,—I was quite surprised when I heard that in the film *The Taming of the Shrew* they pronounce the hero's name *Petrucio*. It is obviously wrong, because Shakespeare, or the editors of his text, certainly wrote it "Petruchio," trying to make their countryman pronounce this word correctly, just as Shilley spells *Gloacello* *Gloacello*. The strange thing about it is, however, that also in the Italian version of the film the hero's name is pronounced *Petrucio*. Petrucio is not a very usual name in Italy, and I feel that Shakespeare must have taken the idea for his hero's name from the name of a famous Italian, Elizabeth's court, Petruchio Ubaldini, who among other things is responsible for giving Queen Elizabeth advice on how to increase the revenue of the Treasury by taxation and for the publication of the text of Machiavelli in Italian in England.

ANNA MARIA CRINO,
Padua University.

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TRACTATUS LOGICO-CRITICUS

JOHN CASEY: *The Language of Criticism*. 205pp. Methuen. 32s. 6d.

If we find Mr. Casey's book something of a disappointment, this is partly a compliment to him; our disappointment derives from a sense that this was a book he was well qualified to write. Though not the first, it is the best attempt so far to apply the suggestions of influential modern philosophers (chiefly Wittgenstein) to the problems of literary criticism. It begins with a chapter outlining Wittgenstein's philosophical approach and his later views about the relationship between "language" and "the world", and offers to extend his insights into the region of literary aesthetics, with the purpose of combating a misconception which Mr. Casey believes has vitiated English critical thought since Wordsworth: the mistaken theory, implicit in this body of criticism, that an "emotion" is necessarily a mysterious private state, and its "expression" a public manifestation whose link with it is merely contingent. This mistake, he thinks, generates a dilemma in theoretical criticism. A critical judgment must be personal, and therefore—if this theory is correct—based on a private response; but a responsible critic will want other people to agree with him; and how can he bring this about if his response is regarded as *ex hypothesi* unavailable to public evaluation and assessment? Can criticism be both "objective" and "personal"? And a cognate problem—do agreed "descriptions" entail agreed "evaluations"? Mr. Casey says many interesting things in the course of his grappling with these problems, but it can hardly be said that he succeeds in his main purpose of establishing as *conceptually* necessary his contention that if two critics see the same things in a work of art, they are committed to making the same judgments. He does not even establish this as plausible. He is uneasy about this himself; but he also betrays sometimes, an innocent over-

confidence, as when he says of some fanciful interpretative notions, "We can test what [this interpreter] says quite easily... These are perfectly settleable critical issues, and are decided like all critical issues—finally with reference to the work". After his preliminary chapter Mr. Casey goes on to explore the distinction between "description" and "evaluation" as it has been invoked in recent controversies in moral philosophy. He has no difficulty in showing that some philosophers have made quite inadequate or oversimplified employments of this distinction, and he is able to show how they might have learnt from the work of literary critics, notably that of Leavis, some of the instructive complexities that in practice it is found to involve. The middle part of his book consists of an examination of the work of the critics T. S. Eliot, J. Middleton Murry and Yvor Winters, the aestheticians Susanne Langer, Clive Bell, and Harold Osborne, and the *stil generis* Northrop Frye. In this part of the book Mr. Casey often comes unintentionally near the kind of philosophical procedure which unphilosophical readers resent, an English equivalent of the tone and manner which led the French critic J. P. Revel to ask "Pourquoi des philosophes?" Mr. Casey, in a quizzically disengaged tone, shows all his chosen thinkers to be confused, trite, inconsistent, or just plain wrong in their general pronouncements; he catches them arguing in a circle, proving their points by definition, &c., and vitiated by the mistaken expressionism which he takes the main purpose of his book to castigate. But even at this lofty theoretical level he is very scrappy and patchy; no admirer of any of the critics or aestheticians he discusses is likely to feel

that their positions are fairly represented—let alone fully. His chapter on Winters, for example, compares unfavourably with Dr. John Hollaway's recent scrupulous demonstration, and demolition, of the utter vagueness of Winters's announced critical principles. And at the level of these critics' practice (which is what most of their readers care about) he rarely examines any of their problems from the inside, and does little or nothing to relate their problems to a specific context or an historical situation, or to show that their philosophical confusions in any way incapacitated them as critics. The unphilosophical reader's reaction to his exposure of their mistakes is likely to be "so what?" And that this reaction need not disclose a radical misology on such a reader's part we may infer from Mr. Casey's own intermittent recognition of the shortcomings of his method, as when he remarks at the end of a discussion that "the only relevant question about Frye is the one I have not discussed—how good a critic he is". The book increases markedly in substance of interest in its last two chapters, which deal with some general problems arising out of the critical work of F. R. Leavis and Matthew Arnold. Mr. Casey deals intelligently with the common demand that Leavis "state his principles". In accordance with the general purpose of his book, he draws attention to the "expressionalism" implicit in some of Leavis's accounts of poetry (it is on Leavis's dealings with poetry that he concentrates). But he admits that this does not usually affect their validity in any damaging way. His main argument is that in his frequent transitions from "descriptive" to "evaluative" discourse Leavis is exemplifying what Mr. Casey regards as the correct doctrine that "community of feeling" and "identical value-judgments" are "*criteria*" for sameness of vision". Similarly, "sameness of vision" comes near to entailing "community of feeling" and "identical value-judgments"; C. S. Lewis must have been mistaken in thinking that he and Leavis saw the same things in *Paradise Lost*, but Leavis saw and hated where Lewis saw and loved. (Mr. Casey does not make this objection to Lewis at all plausible.) In his last chapter he continues his discussion of Leavis by bringing up the obviously pertinent, and perennial, question of "art and morality". He aligns Leavis with Arnold (whose views on this matter he also investigates here) as against Dr. Johnson: Johnson was concerned with whether an author's moral conclusions were sound. Arnold and Leavis are concerned with whether he is "morally serious" or "mature", and so on. For them the "morality" of a work thus becomes almost a *formal* requirement. Mr. Casey's view reminds us of an early criticism of Carlyle, that he "mistook earnestness for truth"; but that was meant as an adverse criticism, whereas Mr. Casey's account of Arnold and Leavis is not so intended. His view is interestingly argued, but remains unpalatable; it leads him, however, to some intriguing if rather inconclusive speculations on what such critics would regard as morally unacceptable in art, and whether they, or anyone else, could validly judge a work of art both "great" and "morally unacceptable". But here as elsewhere Mr. Casey handicaps himself by a lack of particularity and a lack of closely engaged discussion; thus, taking a cue from W. K. Wimsatt's suggestive remark that the play presents "a mature and richly human state of sin", he cites *Antony and Cleopatra* as a possibly relevant and challenging example, but he soon drops the problem before it has become a critical *casus belli* in the reader's mind. This is a pity, because what is most

attractive in Mr. Casey's book is his obviously keen and first-hand insight in literature and criticism; he has not just taken up his subject from an outside, as an opportunity for an academic exercise in philosophical "clarification". (One example of the might be given, is his brief discussion of the way Dante's attitude to the elio Latin contains both condemnation and admiration without any effect of contradiction.) Yet despite these encouraging elements, the book is rather uneven and inconsequent. The chief reason for this seems to be the difficulty, perhaps inevitable, which is soon clear that Mr. Casey has surmounted. His crucial long chapter is not only over-compressed to the point of obscurity, but suffers from the serious drawback of presenting the upshot of Wittgenstein's basic philosophy to be taken over by the unphilosophical reader as established. Mr. Casey does it, it is true, more than a first reading and go back to it later with a clearer understanding of its contents. Yet his assertions in the book seem to depend on positions that are not argued in their context, but referred to by authority—Wittgenstein's, as interpreted by Mr. Casey. Here are some examples: Christians who use reproductions of vulgar and sensational pictures are not experiencing anything aesthetic and serious by means of these pictures, though they may think that the reproductions they have are profound and serious (page 189). I cannot "mean" something profound if I use banal language (page 18). We cannot "decide" to change our critical preferences (page 24). Such assertions are not obviously true, and little is done to convince that they are. And this is unfortunately typical of much else in the stimulating but disappointing book.

Mr. Burden's book is largely concerned with the differences between *Paradise Lost* and Genesis. No one today is so naïve as to assume that Milton invented whatever is found in the epic and not found in the Bible. Research on the hexameter tradition has made it apparent that there is more than one precedent for much that was previously thought to be Miltonic. Nevertheless Milton set aside tradition when he had to and made his own innovations in places where tradition was silent. The four streams in the poem—the biblical, the traditional, the unprecedented, and the choices made against precedent—need to be differentiated and to be shown as contributing to the same poetic end. Mr. Burden does not attempt this task but his book is intelligent, rooted in the text and thoughtful enough to call for more than one reading. One of the most influential arguments in the Milton controversy is the charge that *Paradise Lost* is defective as a poem because a profound fissure exists between its announced intentions and its effect upon the reader. The official poem is an almost total failure and indeed becomes a series of instructions on how the Satanic poem is to be misread. The Satanic poem, on the other hand, is so successful that it virtually subverts the frame of the epic. This two-poem theory is by no means an inspiration of the twentieth century. Its origins go back to Blake and closer examination shows that the Romantic view of Milton depends on the Satanic poem triumphing over a moral design that is obsolete or outrageous. The twentieth century has merely converted to the main defect of the poem what the nineteenth century regarded as its main merit. Professor Fish's extremely stimulating book boldly negates this inversion by arguing that

PARADISE DISLODGED?

PATRICK MURRAY: *Milton: The Modern Phase*. 162pp. Longmans. 30s.

The recent century of *Paradise Lost* is perhaps as good a time as any for an interim report on the Milton controversy. It is thirty-one years since Dr. Leavis announced the distance of Milton, it is also ten since Frank Kermode declared that the time was not far off when *Paradise Lost* would be read once more as the most perfect achievement of English poetry, perhaps the richest and most intricately beautiful poem in the world. Literary history is more cautious than its prophets. Milton is admired more than he was but there is no indication that he is being read more widely. Mr. Murray's workmanlike and well-chained, a study of twentieth-century criticism. It is also not a history of Milton scholarship over the past forty years. For one thing, an assessment of Milton as a human carried through by Professors Aldrich, Woodhouse, Barker and Wells is passed by in silence; for another, Merrill V. Hughes—who has done as much as anyone to trace the multiple connections of Milton's thought—is nowhere mentioned. The book is also not quite a history of Miltonic interpretation. Mr. Murray's decision to concentrate exclusively on *Paradise Lost* is debatable; but even when limited to *Paradise Lost* and limited further to what has been said in response to what Eliot, Lewis and Waldo had said about that poem, his book, while it has its merits, also has its omissions. Anne Davidson Frye, for example, has at least the elements of a reply to Waldo, and Arnold Stein's *Answerable Style* has more than a tangential bearing on the Milton controversy. The chapter on Milton's modern relevance could have been enriched by consultation of Roland Frye's *God, Man, and Satan*. The mythological approach worked out by Mr. R. C. Zwi Wroblewski and more judiciously by Mrs. I. G. MacCaffrey is not examined as a critical strategy. So much seems to be made of Dame Helen Gardner's attempt to start a middle course between Lewis and Waldo, that though John Wain's reference to Milton's "extraordinary power of sustaining large structures" is quoted, due attention is not given to the detailed exploration of these structures by which Miltonic criticism of the 1930s and 1960s has been characterized. To recount these shortcomings is not to cry down Mr. Murray's book but rather to call attention to the dimensions of his task. But the field can be satisfactorily narrowed. The book is made apparent by Professor Robert Martin Adams's prominent report on the state of Milton criticism in the mid-1950s—a book which is never less than scholarly and which succeeds in being both trenchant and urbane. To go again through the Milton controversy is to discover that the lines of the combatants has altered very little and that there is not even agreement on where to disagree. More important, the understanding of Milton's epic has moved beyond the controversy, so that exchanges in the old terminology are no longer capable of leading us into the poem. We are to see how *Paradise Lost* moves and moves in its intricate perspectives we must prepare ourselves to look again at *Paradise Lost* and not at a series of propositions about it. Dennis Burden's book is an effort of this kind. It attempts to show that there is a distinct intellectual component in the aesthetic pleasure of reading *Paradise Lost* and that whenever we add to or elaborate upon this pleasure we are in the interests of the poem. It is a persuasive argument, though Mr. Burden's use of the phrase "the logical epic" may be the "logic" of the epic, which is dramatized, set in motion and maintained by means that are not logical in the sense that the argument is its structure; as we know, there are a variety of correspondences, contrasts, and symbolic displacements in time and space, which make the structure of *Paradise Lost* considerably more than the logic of its table. *Paradise Lost* contains a complex interpretation of the events of the poem, which is a consistent and coherent interpretation. The author of the

rejected poem is Satan. Mr. Burden is good at pointing out the insufficiencies of this rejected poem within the context of the official reading. He does not, however, try to meet the argument (which, as will be seen, assumes importance in the Milton controversy) that the rejected poem is superior to poetry. There are also times when Mr. Burden's involvement in his own way of approaching *Paradise Lost* lends him to statements that are excessive. Speaking of Adam's situation after Eve's fall, he observes: "the important thing is that Adam has a remedy and Milton of all people must know it. The remedy is divorce". Divorce sounds oddly out of place in *Paradise Lost* though perhaps it is not odd within the logic of the logical epic. It is preferable to the completion of original sin. But divorce is not really the solution. The solution is to be found in Adam's and Eve's repentance in the tenth book, a repentance which affirms the real bond of nature rather than the false bond which joins Adam and Eve in destruction. Mr. Burden's book is largely concerned with the differences between *Paradise Lost* and Genesis. No one today is so naïve as to assume that Milton invented whatever is found in the epic and not found in the Bible. Research on the hexameter tradition has made it apparent that there is more than one precedent for much that was previously thought to be Miltonic. Nevertheless Milton set aside tradition when he had to and made his own innovations in places where tradition was silent. The four streams in the poem—the biblical, the traditional, the unprecedented, and the choices made against precedent—need to be differentiated and to be shown as contributing to the same poetic end. Mr. Burden does not attempt this task but his book is intelligent, rooted in the text and thoughtful enough to call for more than one reading.

PLÉIADE POET

Les Oeuvres de Pierre de Ronsard. Texte de 1587. Notes and introduction by Isidore Silver. Vol. I, 331pp. Vol. II, 440pp. University of Chicago Press, for Washington University Press. 25 5s. the set.

Professor Isidore Silver, of Washington University, at Saint Louis, Missouri, has long been recognized as an authority on Ronsard. He and his sponsors are to be congratulated on having brought to fruition—or nearly so, for six more volumes are to appear—a project he has nurtured for some twenty years; a republication of the 1587 edition of *Les Oeuvres de P. de Ronsard*, which should be more accurately dated 1586-87, for the *achevé d'imprimer*, at the end of volume seven, is of December 24, 1586. That this posthumous edition, published by Jean Gailand and Claude Binet, the executors of Ronsard, who had died in December, 1585, gives a truer picture of his final ideas than the first folio, of 1584, was demonstrated many years ago by the great Laumonier in his *Tableau chronologique des oeuvres de Ronsard* (second revised edition, Paris, 1911). Curiously enough Professor Silver does not specifically mention this scholarly and fundamental work in his introduction, although a note on page 12 could be taken as an oblique reference to it. In that note Professor Silver refers to his contributions to volume XVIII of Laumonier's critical edition, for the completion of which, in 1960, he was responsible, in collaboration with Professor Raymond Lebègue, after Laumonier's death. As the present work progresses it will perhaps become clearer that it contains appreciable additions to the relevant material already published by Laumonier and by Professor Silver himself, but at this stage it may be permissible to ask who is likely to buy this expensive edition. The general reader will be content with the Pléiade edition, containing Gustave Cohen's text, of the *Oeuvres complètes*, in two volumes, obtainable for less than this first instalment alone; scholars and institutional libraries will never be able to do without the Laumonier critical edition, of which, it is true, the odd volume is occasionally out of print, but rarely for long. On the other hand it is only fair to emphasize that this edition, with its quadruple imprint (in addition to the two American presses, the French publisher, Marcel Didier, and the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique are cited on the title-pages), is a fine piece of book production, soundly and not unattractively bound in blue cloth, well printed (by Paillart of Abbeville) and containing very few misprints or errors—albeit after a most unfortunate opening sentence. Professor Silver's exordium is the well-worn tag from Terentianus Maurus and he proceeds: "De la sixième édition collective des *Oeuvres* de Ronsard, parue en 1584, il existe au moins six exemplaires"—an odd way of referring to an edition of which the extant copies can be counted by the score; even in his own country there is at least one more copy, at Harvard, than the two he cites.

COURT POET

CLAUDE CHAPPUYS: *Poésies Intimes*. Edited by Aline Mary Best. 279pp. Geneva: Librairie Droz. 34 Swiss fr.

Claude Chappuy was one of those writers who enjoyed a certain vogue at the court of François I, but whose fame was eclipsed at the coming of the Pléiade. He died in 1575 at Rouen, where he had for many years been a member of the Chapter despite alleged Protestant leanings, and apart from some long official poems, not worth reprinting, left a fair amount of verse in various manuscripts, often anonymous or falsely attributed to other hands. This is in fact the first attempt to present that personal poetry to which he owed his once modest reputation. Apart from an "Épître" of some 400 lines describing the Conclave of 1534, and the exceedingly rough voyage to it from Marseilles, the most striking items are four *Blasons* "de la Main", "du Ventre" and two "du C...". [sic] which at

STREAMLINED RACINE

ODETTE DE MOURGUES: *Racine or The Triumph of Relevance*. 171pp. Cambridge University Press. 30s. (Paperback, 12s. 6d.)

was to find a way of preserving a "respected and precious tradition" and at the same time to "create their own variety of tragedy in keeping with the preoccupations, tastes and sensibility of their age". She thinks that Racine's solution can best be appreciated if it is seen "in the light of seventeenth-century aesthetics". Racine deals in absolutes; his world and its inhabitants belong in a sense to an ideal order. "Time" is really timelessness; "space" has the same universal quality as the drawing-room representing hell in Sartre's *Les Cloches*. "Bajazet", she remarks, "takes place in Hell". It is matched by the *Rome of Bérénice* which is equated with the "universe". It is the same with the characters' emotions. "The hero commits himself completely to his passion: Oreste's love for Hermione, Phèdre's for Hippolyte, are absolute values." Her main argument is that far from erecting a barrier between the play and its audience, Racine's preoccupation with absolutes has the reverse effect. It contributes largely to "the extraordinary closeness which Racine establishes between the states of mind of his characters and the audience". The idea of "relevance" is pressed home in the chapter called "The Interplay of Action and Character", which brings us to the third of the seventeenth-century "unities". The "plot" provided that it is a good plot, "focuses the attention on a theme, or a character, or a group of characters". Action is conditioned by psychology, but the reverse is equally true. "Characterization" is influenced by the dramatic movement of the play. "Tragedy and the Moral Order": the author deals with the moral elements in the tragedies. She finds a similarity between the order in plays like *Iphigénie* or *Phèdre* and the two biblical plays which are dominated by the absolute power of the gods and the Christian God. On the other hand, the only form of order, called "ordre accoutumé" which she can find in *Bajazet* is a "wicked order" based on slavery. If the wicked order prevails in *Bajazet*, the moral order is restored in *Racine's* *Les Femmes de bien*, which she compares to the classical equivalent of "taking the veil" in a Christian society and the execution of Narcissus by the crowd, or in

Phèdre with the removal of the disruptive element—Phèdre herself—from the scene. Mme. de Mourgues concludes her examination of the different orders with the statement that, religious or otherwise, "they do not alter... the fundamentally amoral and timeless essence of the tragic". In her final chapter on "The Aesthetic Catharsis" she makes some very sound observations on Racine's language. "Even words," she writes, "which, like worn out coins, have no sharpness in themselves, are constantly transmuted into the substance of poetry once they are inserted in a pattern." Again: "the pining of the word is much more important than the word itself and the same word can undergo subtle alterations in its connotation according to its position". She illustrates these points by some perceptive comments on the "tu m'as trop entendeu" and the repeated use of the word "aime" in Phèdre's "declaration" to Hippolyte. Although the conception of Racine's tragedy which emerges from Mme. de Mourgues's study is illuminating and in the main convincing, there are one or two reservations to be made. She betrays a tendency, not altogether unexpected in a French writer, to make the plays look a little too streamlined. This produces certain inconsistencies. Her determination to see Racine's work "in the light of seventeenth-century aesthetics" leads her to brush aside impatiently the idea that his characters are a "copy of human beings as we know them", and even more impatiently Freudian interpretations. Yet in spite of the limitations and exaggerations of the system, Freud did discover certain fundamental truths about human nature which are equally valid when applied to people of the seventeenth and the twentieth centuries. For the seventeenth-century man is not different in kind from the twentieth-century man. (The author seems to admit it when she herself speaks of Oreste's "death-wish" and Néron's "inferiority complex".) It is precisely because Racine's understanding of human nature was so profound that we identify ourselves so closely with his characters. Mauriac made the point when he said that in spite of her noble birth there are occasions when

Hermione uses the language of fishwife, or something of the sort. The truth is that Mme. de Mourgues is so preoccupied with "digging out absolute values" and an "ideal order" that she sometimes neglects the flexibility and variety of Racine's instrument. This happens again when she declares that "the speeches of the confidants" are "of the same poetic substance as the speeches spoken by the main protagonists". Part of "the same poetic substance" perhaps, but what Racine's tone. Their words are not "tragically irrelevant", as she says. Racine's words are often a comforting, homely, reassuring ring in the voices of these retainers which makes a very different contrast with the voices of the masters and mistresses and makes the lines the sanity of the whole play usually give to the dispiriting tagonists. The desire to produce a streamlined conception of Racine's tragicomic inian tragedy" also leads the author to exaggerate the similarities between plays with a classical and a modern setting. There is a considerable difference between the trivial plot of *Iphigénie* or the Venus of *Phèdre* and the God of *Esther* and *André*. The God of *Athalie* is not "the God of God"; he is the Javen of the Testament. Nor will we agree with the author's view that we are to see with Athalia in the same way as we see with the other protagonists. (That she is stuck closely to his biblical precedent Athalia was a murderer who persecuted the Jews and had gone over to the worship of Baal.) It is a pity that an excellent book is occasionally marred by a few acidities. In order to retain the point that suffering and the Racine take place in the "universe", Mme. de Mourgues compares Racine's tragedies and *Antigone* as a "very bad play", and accuses the author of "glibness" in calling his heroine *Catharine*. "Marie-Oliver or Catherine" have been more in keeping with the personality of the heroine.

METAPHYSICAL PROSE

John Donne: *Selected Prose*. Chosen by Evelyn Simpson. Edited by Helen Gardner and Timothy Healy. 397pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £2 15s.

Students of Donne will welcome this book, both as a useful compendium of his prose writings and as a memorial to the scholar who planned it. When Dr. Evelyn Simpson died in 1963 she had recently completed the great ten-volume collected edition of Donne's *Sermons* which with the collaboration, during his lifetime, of Dr. G. R. Potter, she edited for the University of California. The last year of her life was spent in preparing an anthology of Donne's prose; at her death, Dr. Simpson's selection—except for the Letters, where she had made no more than a beginning—was almost complete. Dame Helen Gardner has collaborated with Fr. Healy, S.J. (who is himself at work on an edition of *Ignatius his Conclave*) in completing Dr. Simpson's work and seeing it through the press. What was left for the editors to do was to make a selection of the Letters, to expand the selections from the *Sermons*, and to provide an introduction to each section of the book and annotations to its text. For their introductions and annotations the editors have drawn on Dr. Simpson's own writings on Donne's prose and they acknow-

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BECKETT

Samuel Beckett's collected short prose just published under the title *Mr. Keats* (30/-) covers 21 years of this most vital contemporary author's creative life and is essential for everyone interested in contemporary literature. Published with it is a varied, fasciculated Beckett at 60 (25/-) containing biographical and critical material essential to Beckett addicts as well as a wide range of informative tributes. Mr. Beckett's most recent play *Come and Go* (8/6d.) is also available. A writer who is often compared to Beckett is Robert Pinget, two of whose earlier novels have recently been published; the comic parable *Bogo* (25/-) and *Murphy* (24/-). In which the writer looks at himself with a Beckettian comic pungency. *Piggy's Plays Vol. 2* (32/6) contain two masterly modern stage works *Quad* and *The Hypocrite*, and the deeply disturbing radio plays grouped under the title *About North*.

WYNDHAM LEWIS

is one of the most controversial and unclassifiable figures in the twentieth century arts. *Blasting and Bombardiering* (52/-) is the author's autobiography of his early life, the pre-1914 London scene, his war career and the post-war years, when he became a friend or enemy with every major British literary figure. Another autobiography is *The Hunt* (30/-) by Maurice Sachs, the controversial author of *Witch's Sabbath* to which this is the sequel. It gives a disturbing picture of the decadence of wartime Paris and shows the amoral and pleasure-loving author living in a lewd, gaudy, and picaresque atmosphere.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review.]

this is interspersed with excellent anecdotes that seldom become trite but are humorous and of historical interest. The impression is gained, particularly in the later chapters, that the grandeur of the scenes that Mr. Wood is describing produce an almost breathless haste—so wide a subject could surely have extended to more than the 230 pages which he has been allotted. The ingenious division of the book into twelve separate areas of the county is probably the best way in which to deal with so diverse a series of scenes and histories and civilizations, and certainly avoids making the division into three to correspond to the North, West and East Ridings. If certain aspects of Yorkshire life and literature receive greater comment than they deserve, on the whole the book is well balanced and there are remarkably few obvious omissions; the index is competently devised and complete. The maps, though, are of very poor quality, and will be disappointing to the motorist or walker who wants to use the book for summer excursions in the Pennines or on the Whitty Moors.

WILLIS, ARTHUR J. (Compiler).
Winchester Settlement Papers, 1667-1842. 123pp. 30s. *Winchester Guardianships after 1700*. 88pp. 12s. 6d. (The author, Hambleden, Lyminge, Folkestone, Kent.)

Genealogists who inquiries lead them to Winchester will find useful Mr. Willis's two further transcripts from the records. The settlement papers were certificates brought with them by persons removing to another place, which acknowledged that they had been settled in the former town or village and in effect guaranteed to receive them back if they should become chargeable on the new parish. Here are transcribed and indexed a number of examples from Winchester parishes between the seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries. In the other volume Mr. Willis has compiled from the diocesan records lists of entries concerning the appointment of guardians for minors.

The following have recently appeared in new editions: *The English Medieval Feast* by William Edward Mead (272pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 2s.) which first came out in 1931; *The Irish Parliament in the Middle Ages* by H. G. R. Richardson and G. O. Sayles (395pp. University of Pennsylvania Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4) which first appeared in 1952; *Bernard Shaw* by Eric Bentley (204pp. Methuen. 30s. Paperback, 15s.) which was first published by New Directions in 1947; *Humanism in England during the Fifteenth Century* by R. Weiss (206pp. Basil Blackwell. 30s.) which first appeared in 1941; *A Manual of International Law* by G. Schwarzenberger (701pp. Published under the auspices of the London Institute of World Affairs by Stevens. £4 17s. 6d.) the first edition of which appeared in 1947; *The Story of Australia* by A. G. L. Shaw (332pp. Faber and Faber. 30s.) which was first published in 1955; *Christ Stopped at Eboli* by Carlo Levi, translated by Frances Frenaye (266pp. Cassell. 25s.) which first came out in England in 1948.

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CULPIN, NORMAN, and MESSER, W. J. (Compilers). *Adult Fiction, 1945-1965, for School and College Libraries*. 66pp. The School Library Association, 10s. 6d.

When Mr. Culpin first prepared his list of *Modern Adult Fiction* for sixth-formers and others in 1955 he made a refreshingly realistic approach to the whole subject of fiction for young people. Since then, and since the second edition of the list in 1960, much has changed in the world of the sixth-former and his contentment; this third edition is no longer required to blaze trails, only to consolidate ground gained. It has a new title, indicating its slightly more restricted time span, and the dropping of the "bridge books" for the younger age groups which were originally included. Otherwise the arrangement is as before; the appo-

Nottinghamshire Miscellany... No. 4.
Willoughby Letters of the First Half of the Sixteenth Century.
Edited by Alan D. Wilson, M.A., F.R.S.E.
The Letters of George Willoughby, 1736-1826. Edited by Marjorie Penn.
166pp. Thornton Society.
£2.95 pb.
The two parts of the *Miscellany*, the first consisting of a collection of letters surviving from Tudor times, and the second of some personal and household accounts kept during the reign of George II. The letter writers were Sir John and Sir Edward Willoughby, of a Nottinghamshire family connected by marriage with Lady Jane Grey. The originals are reproduced with all their oddities of spelling; are among the Middleton manuscripts now at Nottingham University. The

In a notice last week of *Le Gai savoir*: "Fragments posthumes, we referred to "Nietzsche's wife Elizabeth". This should of course have read "Nietzsche's sister Elizabeth", better known as Frau Förster-Nietzsche. Nietzsche never married.

The re-publication by Gregg Press Ltd. of this major collection of sources for medieval European history will shortly be completed. The sixteen massive folio volumes originally issued by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres between 1841 and 1906, remain the most comprehensive collection for the crusades; the series covers Western historians (both Latin and French), Arabic sources, Byzantine and Armenian documents and chroniclers, and the famous *Assizes* of the crusading states, accompanied by the French translation of the oriental texts.

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